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THE SPEECH  
OF A  
FIFE LAIRD  
NEWLY COME FROM THE GRAVE.  
THE  
MARE  
OF  
COLLINGTON.  
THE  
BANISHMENT  
OF  
POVERTY.  
THREE SCOTS POEMS.

R. C.  
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GLASGOW.

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M.DCC.LI.

Done for the



THE  
S P E E C H  
OF A  
F I F E L A I R D,

NEWLY COME FROM THE GRAVE.

WHAT accident, what strange mishap  
Awakes me from my heavenly nap?  
What sp'rit? what godhead by the lave,  
Hath rais'd my body from the grave?  
It is a hundred years almost,  
Since I was bury'd in the dust,  
And now I think that I am living,  
Or else, but doubt, my brains are raving,  
Yet do I feel (while as I study)  
The faculties of all my body.  
I taste, I smell, I touch, I hear,  
I find my sight exceeding clear.  
Then I'm alive, yea sure I am,  
I know it by my corp'ral frame:  
But in what part where I can be,  
My wav'ring brains yet torture me.

A



Once I was call'd a great Fife laird,  
I dwelt not far from the Hall-yard:  
But who enjoys my land and pleugh,  
My castle and my fine cole-heugh:  
I can find out no living man,  
Can tell me this, do what I can.  
Yet if my mem'ry serve me well,  
This is the shire where I did dwell:  
This is the part where I was born;  
For so beneath me stands Kinghorn,  
And thereabout the Lowmond hill,  
Stands as it stood yet ever still.  
There is Bruntisland, Aberdore,  
I see Fife's coast along the shore.  
Yet I am right, and for my life,  
This is my native country Fife,  
O! but it's long and many a year,  
Since last my feet did travel here.  
I find great change in old lairds places,  
I know the ground, but not the faces,  
Where shall I turn me first about,  
For my acquaintance is worn out?  
O! this is strange that ev'n in Fife,  
I do know neither man nor wife:



OF A FIFE LAIRD. 3

No earl, no lord, no laird, no people,  
 But Lesly and the Mark Inch-steeple,  
 Old noble Weems, and that is all,  
 I think enjoy their fathers hall.  
 For, from Dumfermling to Fife-ness,  
 I do know none that doth possess  
 His grandfire's castles and his towers;  
 All is away that once was ours.  
 I'm full of wrath, I scorn to tarry,  
 I know them no more than the fairy:  
 But I admire and marvel strange,  
 What is the cause of this great change:  
 I hear a murmuring report,  
 Passing among the common sort:  
 For some say this, and some say that,  
 And others tell, I know not what.  
 Some say, the Fife lairds ever rues,  
 Since they began to take the Lews.  
 That bargain first did brew their bale,  
 As tell the honest men of Creil.  
 Some do ascribe their supplantation,  
 Unto the lawyers congregation.  
 No, but this is a false suppose:  
 For all things wyts that well not goes:

#### 4 THE SPEECH

Be what it will, there is some source  
 Hath bred this universal course ;  
 This transmigration and earthquake,  
 That caus'd the lairds of Fife to brake.  
 He that enthrones a shepherdling,  
 He that dethrones a potent king,  
 And he that makes a cotter laird,  
 The baron's bairns to delve a yaird,  
 Almighty is that shakes the mountains,  
 And brings great rivers from small foun-  
 It is the power of his hand, [tains,  
 That makes both lords and lairds have  
 Yet there may be as all men knaws, [land ;  
 An evident and well seen cause,  
 A public and a common evil,  
 That made the meikle master-devil  
 To cast his club all Fife throughout,  
 And lent each laird a deadly rout.  
 Mark then, I'll tell you how it was,  
 What way this wonder came to pass:  
 It sets me best the truth to pen,  
 Because I fear no mortal men.  
 When I was born at Middle-yard-weight,  
 There was no word of laird or knight:

OF A FIFE LAIRD. 5

The greatest stiles of honour then,  
Was to be titl'd the good-man.  
But changing time hath chang'd the case,  
And puts a laird in th' good-man's place.  
For why? my gossip good-man John,  
And honest James, whom I think on;  
When we did meet, whiles at the hawking,  
We us'd no cringes, but hands shaking.  
No bowing, should'ring, gambo-scraping,  
No French whistling, or Dutch gaping.  
We had no garments in our land,  
But what were spun by th' good-wife's  
No drap-de-berry, cloaths of Seel: [hand ;  
No stuffs ingrain'd in cocheneel,  
No plush, no tissue, cramosie ;  
No China, Turkey, Taffety,  
No proud Pyropus, Paragon,  
Or chackarally, there was none:  
No figurata, or water-chamblet:  
No bishop-fatine, or silk chamblet,  
No cloath of gold, or bever-hats,  
We car'd no more for than the cats:  
No windy flourish'd flying feathers,  
No sweet permusted shambo leathers,



## 6 THE SPEECH

No hilt or crampet richly hatched,  
 A lance, a sword in hand, we snatched.  
 Such base and boyish vanities,  
 Did not beseem our dignities.  
 We were all ready and compleet,  
 Stout for our friends, on horse or feet,  
 True to our prince, to shed our blood  
 For kirk, and for our common good.  
 Such men we were, it is well known,  
 As in our chronicles is shown.  
 This made us dwell into our land,  
 And our posterity to stand:  
 But when the young laird became vain,  
 And went away to France and Spain,  
 Rome raking, wandring here and there:  
 O! then became our bootless care:  
 Pride puft him up, because he was  
 Far travel'd, and return'd an ass.  
 Then must the laird, the good-man's oye,  
 Be knighted streight, and make convoy,  
 Coach'd through the streets with horses  
 Foot-groomspasmented o'erando'er. [four,  
 Himself cut out and flasht so wide,  
 Ev'n his whole shirt his skin doth hide.

## OF A FIFE LAIRD. 7

Gowpherd, gratnized, cloaks rare pointed,  
Embroider'd, lac'd, with boots disjointed,  
A belt embost with gold and purle:  
False hair, made craftily to curle:  
Side breeks be button'd o'er the garters,  
Was ne'er the like seen in our quarters.  
Tobacco and wine Frontinack,  
Potato-pasties, Spanish sack,  
Such uncouth food, such meat and drink  
Could never in our stomacks sink:  
Then must the grandson swear and swag-  
And show himsel the bravest bragger; [ger,  
A bon-companion and a drinker,  
A delicate and dainty ginker.  
So is seen on't. these foolish jigs,  
Hath caus'd his worship sell his rigs.

My lady, as she is a woman,  
Is born a helper to undo man;  
Her ladyship must have a share,  
For she is play-maker and mair;  
For she invents a thousand toys,  
That house and hold and all destroys;  
As scarfs, shephroas, tuffs, and rings,  
Fairdings, facings, and powderings,

# 8 THE SPEECH

Rebats, ribbands, bands and ruffs,  
 Lapbends, shagbands, cuffs and muffs,  
 Folding outlays, pearling sprigs,  
 Atrys, vardigals, periwigs:  
 Hats, hoods, wires and also kells,  
 Washing balls, and perfuming smells:  
 French-gows cut out and double banded,  
 Jet rings to make her pleasant handed:  
 A fan, a feather, bracelets, gloves,  
 All new-come busks she dearly loves:  
 For such trim bony baby-clouts,  
 Still on the laird she greets and shouts:  
 Which made the laird take up more gear  
 Than all the lands or rigs could bear.  
 These are the emblems that declares  
 The merchants thriftless needlless wares:  
 The tailor's curious vanity,  
 My lady's prodigality.  
 This is the truth which I discover:  
 I do not care for feid or favour;  
 For what I was, yet still I am,  
 An honest, plain, true dealing man;  
 And if these words of mine would mend  
 I care not by, tho' I offend them. [them,



Here is the cause most plainly shown,  
That has our country overthrown.  
It's said of old, that others harms  
Is oftentimes the wise man's arms:  
And he is thought most wise of all,  
That learns good from his neighbour's fall.  
It grieves my heart to see this age,  
I cannot stay to act more stage:  
I will ingrave me in the ground,  
And rest there till the trumpet sound;  
And if I have said ought astray,  
Which may a mession's mind dismay,  
I do appeal before the throne  
Of the great powers three in one;  
The supream sovereignty,  
The parliament of verity.  
And if you think my words offends,  
Ye must be there, I's make amends.

B

THE  
M A R E  
O F  
COLLINGTON,  
NEWLY REVIVED.

COMPILED AND CORRECTED BY P. D.

A N heather man, as I heard say,  
Senfyne, I think, a week or tway,  
Cam cantly cracking out the way,  
Nane with him but his Meir.  
Wha being late, he bade her ride,  
And with a spur did jag her side ;  
But ay the silly Meir bade bide,  
And further wou'd na stier :  
But lay down on the fair high-street,  
And shooting out both head and feet,  
She meekly spake these words so sweet,  
Your spurring will not mack it.  
Oft have I turst your heather crame,  
And born your self right aft-times hame,  
Wi' many a toom and hungry wame,  
Whan thou hast been well packit.

But now is come my fatal en,  
 Wi' you I may na further wen,  
 To my sweet hussy me commen,  
 And a' the rest at hame.

Aft ha' I born that on my banes,  
 Hath caus'd their beards wag all at anes:  
 But now for me they ma' chew stanes,  
 We'll never meet again.

The silly carl for wae he grat,  
 And down upon his arse he sat:  
 The night was foul, he was a' wat,  
 And perished of cauld.

Yet wi' himsel he did advise,  
 Longer to sit, he war na wise;  
 Then pray'd the silly Meir to rise,  
 And draw her to some hauld.  
 But no more than she had been dead,  
 She cou'd remove her from that stead,  
 When he did pres to lift her head,  
 Her arse fell down behind.

Then in a grief he did her hail,  
 And drugged both at main and tail,  
 And other parts he cou'd best wail,  
 Then bade her take the wind.



Then he did take forth of a wallat,  
Some draff, whereon this Meir did mallat  
Which fiercer gart her lift her pallat,  
Nor a' the rest before.

She eat thereof wi' fae good will,  
While I wat well, she had her fill,  
When she was fu', then she lay still,  
And wou'd nae eat nae mair:

But start on foot, as it wou'd be,  
Nane being there but she and he:  
The night was cauld and bitterly  
It blatter'd on a' rain:

The carl was cauld, the sooth to say,  
And fain he wou'd have been away;  
For passed was the light of day  
And night was cum again.

Yet with himself he did advise,  
Langer to sit he war nae wise;  
Then pray'd the silly Meir to rise,  
And draw her to sum hold.

Then foot for foot they went togidder,  
But aft she fell, the gate was flidder;  
Yet whare to take her he did swidder,  
While at the last he would.

He warily did her weise and wield  
To Collingtoun-broom, a fu' good bield,  
And warmest alse in a' that field,

And there he bad her hide her.

For there if Duncan apprehend thee,  
With fare fad straiks indeed he'll end thee;  
I pray thee, from his wrath defend thee:

Sine he sat down beside her.

And said, good-night, my darling dear,  
My bread-winner this mony a year:

Alas, that I shou'd leave thee here,

So wilsome of thy wain:

Dear master, quo' this Meir, ye shent you,

For my distemper to torment you;

Sober thy kind heart, and repent you,

We'll never meet again.

Wi' this they ihed, as I heard fay,

Wi' mony a shout and wall-away!

Referring to a bra' new day,

To mack her latter will.

But truly as the case befel,

(And here the truth I mind to tell)

They never met by twanty ell,

That purpose to fulfil,

By which arose right great dissention,  
Much deadly feed and het contention;  
For mony of a wrang intention,  
Alledg'd sum of her gear.

And they before wha never sa' her,  
Nor in her life did never kna' her,  
That they were of her kin, did sha' her,  
As after ye shall hear.

The carl gade hame a weary groom,  
But she a' night amang the broom  
Lay still, both weary, faint and toom,  
While morn that it was day.

Then forth came Duncan on the morrow,  
As he had been to ride on sorrow,  
Wi' a lang sting which he did borrow,  
To chase the Meir away.

He hit her twa'r three routs indeed,  
And bade her pass fwyth frae his steed,  
If thou bide here, I'll be thy deed:

Wi' that ga' her a lounder,  
While mou' and nise rusht out of blood,  
She staggered also where she stood:  
For she was tint for fau't of food,  
And sae it was nae wonder.



Yet, quo' this beast with heavy chear,  
I pray you, Duncan, thole me here,  
Until the outcome of the year ;

An than if I grow better,  
I shall remove I you assure,  
Tho' I were ne'er sa weak and poor,  
And seek my meat throw Curry moor  
As fast as I can swatter.

When he perceived it was fae,  
That frae that part she cou'd not gae,  
Into a grief he past her frae,

And wou'd na langer tarry,  
But sent Pat Peacock in a fray  
For to ha' chaste the meir away,  
With a lang cane, as I heard say :

And in a feiry farry  
Ran to the mill, and fetcht the lowder,  
Wherewi' he hit her on the shou'ders,  
That he dang't all to drush like powder,

He laid it on so sicker. [her

Then frae these bounds he bade her pack  
Or else he swore, that he wou'd wrack her,  
Then throw the meadow she did take her,  
As fast as she might bicker,

But at the last, the beast being poor,  
Lang for to rin cou'd not endure,  
He did o'ertake her in Fordel moor,

And pat her in a teather:

Then laid upon her hochs and heels,  
Commanding her to leave these fiels,  
And bade her pass to Listoun-shiels,

And pewl amang the heather.

Yet, quo' this filly simple beast,

I pray you, Peat, hear my request;

Lat me remain this night here east,

Amang the broom to rest me:

And on the morn I thee behight,

Twa hours and mair before day-light,

I shall to Bavelaw tack the flight,

And tell how ye ha'e drest me.

Thus Peatie wi' her words contented,

Did hameward gae, and fair repented,

That he this beast had sae tormented,

And in this manner drest her.

And she baith dolorous and wae,

Came poorly creeping up the brae,

Wi' a fare skin, baith black and blae,

And there sat down to rest her.

And there frae time that she sat down,  
For weariness she fell in fown,  
And ere she wak'ned, John Cahoun  
Came on her wi' a blatter,  
Accompanied with auld Pakes Patoun,  
And Richie March, who dwelt in Hatoun,  
And laid upon her wi' a batoun,  
While a' her harns did clatter.  
To whom this beast, a' wae began,  
Said, loving, honest, good sweet John,  
Lat me but this ane night alone,  
And I wish nor I worrie,  
Upon the morn, be I alive,  
If I dow either lead or drive,  
Wi' dogs ye shall me rug and rive,  
If I mak not for Currie.  
Thus he bewailing her punishment,  
Did leave her upon that condition,  
And she but any requisition,  
Came down to the killogie,  
Where she thought to have lodg'd a' night,  
And ease her the best way she might:  
But a false lown soon saw that sight,  
Whose name was Willie Scrogie.



Who came and took her by the beugh,  
And wi' a rung both auld and teugh,  
Laid on her, while she bled enough,

And for dead left her lying  
Into a deadly fown and trance,  
Bewailing fortune's variance,  
Her hard misluck and heavie chance,  
For help and pity crying.

But what shou'd any farther speaking?  
For a' her waeful cries and greeting,  
Her loving words and fair intreating,

These fallows were too tyked,  
To her they wou'd make nae supplie,  
Nor yet let her remaining be  
Amang them, but twa days or three,  
Say to them what she lyked.

This silly beast being thus confounded,  
Sae deadly hurt, missus'd and wounded,  
Wi' messan-dogs fae chas'd and hounded,

In end directs a letter  
Of supplication with John Aird,  
To purchase licence frae the laird,  
That she might bide about the yaird,  
While she grew sumwhat better.

But he wou'd na ways condescend  
To gae the message she did send,  
For fear he shou'd the laird offend:

But badè her send John Durie.

And when they war in a' their dou'ts,  
A messenger, whase name was Coutts,  
(Vengeance light on all their snouts,)

Came on her in a fury.

Who did take forth his sergeant's wand,  
And gawe to her a strait command,  
The self same night to leave the land,

Or on the morn to burn her.

Then was this beast so sare amaz'd,  
Into his face she glour'd and gaz'd,  
And wist not well she was so baz'd,

To what hand for to turn her.

But fell down on her silly knees,  
And upward lifting up her eyes,  
Said, Coutts, my misery thou sees,

Wherefore do not deride it:

But ponder my distrest estate,  
How I am handled and what gate,  
For I ma mack na mair debate;

Na langer can I bide it.

Then did she halt lang in despair,  
And drew her to a place ev'n where  
She thought there shou'd be least repair,  
And that nane shou'd come near her.

But she got never perfect rest,  
Ga whare she lyk'd, she was opprest :  
Wherefore in end it was thought best,  
Wi' men awa to bear her.

And sa Rob Rodger in an anger,  
And Will Tamson, wha ay bad hang her,  
By stinging and ling they did up-bang her,  
And bare her down, between them,  
To Duncan's burn, and there, but dread,  
They left her, and came hame good speed :  
Ye wou'd ha'e laughen well indeed,

So puddled to ha'e seen them.  
For Willie Tamson, well I ween,  
Fell in a pool o'er baith the een,  
An ne'er a bit of him left clean,

So throw the dubs him carry'd.  
And Rob, who took in hand to guide him,  
O'er both the lugs he fell beside him,  
Then sta' awa' for shame to hide him ;  
He was so well begarry'd.



This being done but any mair,  
These twa they left her lying there,  
Supprest with dolour, grief and care,

Wha made this protestation :  
If any person far or near,  
Within this parish wou'd compear,  
To lend her but ten shillings here,  
Upon her obligation.

When the cleck-geese leave off to clatter,  
And parasites to fleetch and flatter,  
And priests, Maria's to pitter-patter,  
And thieves from thift refrain.

Or yet again, when there shall be  
Nae water in the ocean sea :

Then she that sum right thankfully  
Shou'd pay them hame again.

But, oh, alas ! for all their moan,  
In a' these parts there was not one,  
Wou'd condescend to gi'e that loan,  
For never ane did mean her.

And sae alas ! she lay still there  
But meat and drink eight days and mair ;  
It wou'd have made a hail heart fair,  
In that case to ha'e seen her.

Yet honest antie in the place,  
Came and beheld her pale cauld face,  
And said, for evermair, alace!

I see thee sae mischieved:  
Had I known of thy weariness,  
Thy misery and great distress,  
I shou'd ha'e helped mair or less,  
And sae thy straits relieved.  
I shou'd ha'e put thee in the bank,  
Where nettles, grass and weeds grew rank:  
Where well thou might ha'e fill'd thy flank,  
And fed amang the willies:

Or otherways to ha'e rejoic'd thee,  
Within the ward I might ha'e clos'd thee,  
Where well thou mightest ha'e repos'd thee  
Amang the laird's best fillies.

To whom the beast said soberly,  
Sweet mistress, I most heartily  
Do thank you for your courtesy,  
Sae friendly wha has us'd me:

Wha has sae lovingly reported,  
And also sweetly me comforted:  
And wi' your a'ms has me supported,  
When a' my kin refus'd me:

Yet mair attour, since there was nane,  
To whom that I can make my mane,  
But sweet mistress to you alane,

Before these villains gore me,  
Tho' I ha'e neither gier nor gains,  
For to present you for your pains:  
If it perturb not all your brains,

Yet this one thing do for me:  
Gae to the cook wi' speedy haist,  
And rin as fast as ye were chaist,  
And tell, that I am dead a' maist,

And if ye can allure him,  
A dishfu' of his broath to send me,  
Which frae this cauld night may defend  
And if it prove a help to mend me, [me;

Upon my word assure him,  
When winter caul shall be but frost,  
And wives for mast'ry shall not boast,  
And men of law wait on but cost,

And usurers tack nae gains:  
Or when ye shall see Pentland hills,  
Be carry'd down amang Leith mills,  
Then I wi' twanty mae good wills,  
Shall please him for his pains.



This message antie undertook,  
And speedily ran to the cook,  
Who fand him sitting in the nook,  
And as she was desired,  
Requested him right earnestlie  
To send the filly beast supplie:  
And he again right thankfullie  
Did as he was required.  
And without grudging or debate,  
Did sen a muckle charger-plate  
Fu' o' good broath hynd down the gate,  
And bade her tack a care o'd:  
And wi' her sell likewise conclude,  
That if she thought it healthsome food,  
And if it did her ony good,  
The morn she shou'd ha'e mair o'd.  
But frae this time, this wracked beast  
Perceiv'd the broath gae down her breast,  
Her tongue frae crying never ceast  
Till she had made confession.  
And sae came by Sir Tamas Grant,  
About the Sheens wha aft did haunt,  
Wha thought if she did witness want  
To hear't 'twar na transgression.

Wherefore he said unto the meir,  
I see thy death approacheth near,  
Then see, that ye be very clear,

For death to mack thee reddy :  
For I see by the visage pale,  
Nathing but death for thee but fale,  
As freely then tell me your tale,  
As if I ware your deddy.

Then up she hoov'd her hinder heels,  
And said (when she lay in the fiel's)  
Tho' ye wi' me shou'd cast the creels,  
And of your help refuse me :

I will na ways at a' think shame,  
Tho't be contrair to a good name,  
To you, sweet father, to proclaim,  
How lang time they did use me.

My master was a simple man,  
Wha had nathing, but what he wan  
By cadging heather now and than :

At Bavela was his winning,  
My huffie likewise was a wife,  
Ay hadding into sturt and strife,  
Wha had nathing, during her life,  
But what she wan by spinning.

And I was tossed up and down,  
Wi' heather cadging to the town,  
For fau't o' food, whiles did I sown,  
For a that e'er I wan them.

But I think plain necessitie  
Was it, why fae they used me:  
Wherefore I think assuredlie,

I ha'e nae cause to ban them.  
But yet because they us'd me fae,  
I thought to mack their hearts as wae,  
Anes to the butler I did gae,

Postponing ev'ry peril:  
Where I fand naught but twa sheep breeds,  
Some haggise-bags and twa nowt heads,  
Wi' twa'r three pecks of sowin-feeds,  
Well tramped in a barrel.

I took the feeds, which I thought best,  
Wi' hunger being sare opprest,  
And ate of them while they mought last,  
When a' the rest war sleepin.

Syne privily I did me hy  
Into the stable near hand by,  
(Which is the place wherein I ly)  
On hands and feet fast creepin:



But oh I dought nae sleep a wink  
For drouth, but came back to the bink,  
Where that I took a myckle drink,  
But it was very bitter.

I trow my hussy Meg had pisht it,  
And up upon the bink had disht it,  
Oh, if that I had never toucht it,  
It gart me take the sk—r!

But good John Smith my master dear,  
Upon the morn ere day grew clear,  
Before his wife he did compear:

And said to her, my lady,  
Rise up, I pray you, wi' good speed,  
Hang on the sowins, for indeed  
I trow ye be right scant of bread,

Some het-thing soon mack ready  
he wife expecting for nae ill

se up his bidding to fulfil,

~~his~~ merry heart and right good will

To mack for some provision:

But when she mist the seeds away,  
She wist not what to do or say,  
Cry'd many alas and wall-away!

And said, John, in derision,

I trow, ye cry for your disjoon :  
When were ye wont to cry so soon ?  
It is your sel this deed has done :

And that has made conclusion  
Of all the feeds we got in Morton ;  
Or else it has been glied Wil Morton,  
Ill be his chance, his hap and fortune,

Who has wrought this confusion,  
When she was macking a' this mane,  
And had him tauld that a' was gane,  
A race to her the carl has tane,

As fast as he might bicker,  
And hit her such a straik but dread,  
While he thought, that she had been dead :  
For he had hit her on the head

A sad straik and a ficker.  
Sae when wi' a lang heavy rung,  
I did perceive my huffie dung,  
I was stane still, and held my tongue,  
And felloun close I held me.

For if they had had any feel,  
That I had made them such a reel,  
The one of them, I wat right well,  
But question, wou'dha'e fell'd me :

Now this is the warst turn, I say,  
That e'er I did by night or day :  
Wherefore, sweet father, I you pray,

Since you hear my confession :  
That in this place, before I die,  
You grant me pardon chearfully,  
For that, I wat, assuredly

Belangs to your profession.  
Then spake this father venerable  
To her this sentence comfortable,  
As I a man am trowable,

I say this in submission :  
Since ye desire to be remitted  
Of a' the fau'ts ye ha'e committed,  
(Now surely on the head I hit it)

I grant you full remission.  
Then was she blyth, and said, I think,  
That I am ane begins to wink,  
Sweet father, now take pen and ink,

And write as I command you.  
For on my credit, I dare swear,  
It was some good thing brought you here :  
Recorded be the time and year,  
And day, that e'er I faund you.



And first write, that it pleases me,  
My body be solemnousslie  
Laid in that place, with honestie,  
Where lay my predecessors.

I nominate my master, John,  
And his good brother, Tam Gillon,  
Executors to me alone ;

These twa are nae oppressors.  
I ken they will do nought but right  
To me and mine, for mony a night  
I did them pleasure as I might,  
Wherefore you may assure them.

For aften-times I wou'd them tack,  
E'en as a chap-man doth his pack,  
Upon my silly feeble back,

And throw the dubs I bure them.  
I leave them therefore power all,  
To meddle wi' debts great and small,  
And wi' a' things in general,

That any way belongs me.  
First, I am awing to Andro Rid  
At the waist-port, for six gray-bread,  
Five shillin, for the which indeed  
He and his wife o'ergaugs me

And in my great neecessite,  
Tam Linkie's wife she furnisht me,  
As meikle draff of veritie,  
The last day of December,  
As by the last count we did mack,  
Came to five shillin and a plack,  
Well counted before auld John Black:

If I do right remember.

There is a cankard carl sicklyke,  
Whom I have born o'er many a fyke,  
They ca' him Jockie in the dyke,  
(I had amaißt fargot it)

Some nights, when I cou'd not win hame,  
To tell the truth I think na shame,  
For draff and setlings to my wame,

Six placks I am addebted.

Now fae far as I understand,  
I aw na mair in a' this land,  
But to a silly colibrand,

Tam Rid that dwals in Curry,  
Upon a time, as he may prove:  
An atchison for a remove,  
But 't was little for my behove,  
I pray nor he may wurry,

There is a man, they ca' John Blair,  
Beside the Howps wha macks repair,  
Him did I serve sev'n years and mair,

But I saw ne'er his cunzie ;  
And in my need and povertie,  
My sickness and calamitie,  
That same carl ne'er visit me :

Now pox light on his grunzie.  
The thing to me he is addetted,  
I purpose not o'er high to set it,  
It is, if I ha'e not forgot it,

By our just calculation,  
Three pound : here, without dilators,  
I ordain my executors,  
To gang amang my creditors,  
And to their contentation,  
Off the first end, right chearfully,  
Content them a' wi' honesty,  
Left afterward they weary me,

When I may not amend it.  
And to such as are destitute  
Of warldly goods, I constitute,  
That a' the rest be distribute,  
Sae soon's my life is endit.



I ha'e na meekle mair free gear,  
In very deed, to speak of here:  
But had I liv'd another year,

    If folks had been good-willie,  
I had had mair, yet will I shaw,  
The thing I have, but any aw,  
I ha'e into the castle law,

    A Meir but and a Fillie.

My will is, and I leave the Meirie  
To ane they ca' him John Macklerie  
Because of foot he is not fierie,

    And may nae deal wi' travel.

For in his youth, that carle us'd ay,  
Wi' wenches for to sport and play,  
Where thro' he hath this mony a day,

    Been troubled wi' the gravel.

I leave the Fillie to John Kilmanie,  
An honest master in Balenie:

The which if it be poor and benie,

    Yet if it be well used,

It will do good. aft-times, said I,  
I might ha'e had for't alreadie,  
Frae my sweet master's luckie-dedie,  
Five crowns, which was refused.

My helter and my four new shodes,  
My turs-reaps, curple and my fodes,  
I list not let them gae to ods,

For that indeed wou'd grieve me:  
I leave them therefore to Tam Stean,  
Who hath his winnin in smiddy-green:  
For mony a night, right late at e'en,

That poor man did relieve me.  
My main, my tail, and a' my hair,  
I leave but any process mair,  
To Cheasly, Matman, and Tam Blair,

Three fishers by vocation:  
For aft-times when it woud be late,  
And might nae mack nae mair debate,  
These three wou'd lodge me by the gate,  
And give me sustentation.

I leave my bony round white teeth  
To Willie Frisel into Leith.

For on a time when Jenny Reith,

Wi' plotted brue demaim'd me,  
He fed me in his house a' hail  
Eight days, with good flesh, brue and kail,  
And aft-times wi' good bread and ale,  
When worse chear might ha'e gain'd me.

To honest auntie in Collingtoun place,  
My blissing light upon her face,  
Wha was my friend in ev'ry cace,

I canna well forget her.

I leave her therefore to her part,  
My true, my kind, and tender heart,  
For into mony grief and smart,

Of her I was the better.

I leave the creesh within my wame,  
Wi' a' my heart to Finlay Grame  
It will be better than swine seam,

For any wramp or minzie.

First, shear it fina', and rind it fine,  
Into a kettle clean and fine,  
It will be good against the pine

Of any wriest or strinzie,

I leave my liver, puds and tripes  
To the twa brethren in the Snipes,  
Wha tho' they be but greedy gipes,

Yet being ance in Cramond  
Storm-sted and in great miserie,  
For very hunger like to die,  
Did gi'e me lodgin chearfullie,  
And fed me well wi' samond.



My twa gray eyes like chrystal clear,  
Wherefrae great brighnefs did appear,  
I leave in this my test'ment here,

To filly John Mackwirrie:  
For going wild into the night  
Beside Blackbav'law on the height,  
He took me to an ale-house right  
And made me to be mirrie.

I leave my tongue rhetorical,  
My duice voice, sweet and musical,  
And all my science natural,

To good sweet master Matho:  
For when I was by Mortoun dogs,  
O'er blauded thro' the stanks and bogs,  
And had stood three days in the jogs,

Within the town of Ratho;  
He came into a morning soon,  
And gave contentment lang ere noon,  
To a' to wham I wrang had done,

Sine sent me wi' a letter  
Wi' expedition down to Cammock:  
Where that far to refresh my stammock,  
I was receiv'd and fed wi' drammock  
Aught days and wi' the better.

I leave my head to Sanny Purdie,  
A man whereof I think him wurdie:  
For once when that I took the sturdie,

That man but any grudgin,  
Made me great succour and supplie,  
And used me right tenderlie,  
And ga'e me food abundantlie,

Twa weeks within his lodgin.  
I leave to Claud in Hermistoun,  
For his bounteth and warisoun,  
My hide wi' my braid bennisoun,

To be a pair of bellies:  
For whan he fand me lyin sick,  
At Gogor brigg, and dought nae speak,  
Upon his back he did me cleick,

And bare me to laird Skellies.  
To these fellows of Collingtoun,  
Wha brought me to contention,  
I leave them my black malison:

For here I do protest it,  
If these men had licensed me'  
To ha'e bidden twa nights or three,  
Amang the broom, where quietlie,  
I might ha'e ly'n and restit:

THE MARE

I had nae than wi' ev'ry lown,  
Wi' ev'ry butcher up and down,  
Been bladded from town to town,

Nor gotten sick oppressioun:  
Nor yet had been in sick a blunder;  
Nor made them sick a world's wonder;  
I wish mae mischiefs nor a hunder

On them and their succeffion.  
Now sweet Sir Tamas earnestlie,  
I pray you let me hear and see,  
If that my will and legacie

Be don as I directed:  
For some suspicioun e'en now breed I,  
That you are grieved, luckie-deddie,  
In that I ha'e dispatcht already

My goods, and you neglected.  
But surely, sir, the reason why,  
That I did sae, and set you by,  
It was indeed, because that I

Knew not, that you were needy.  
And next again, as reason shaws,  
I did it for another cause,  
Which is, that a' the world knaws,  
That such men are not greedy.



To wham Sir Tamas soberlie  
Did answer mack, and said, trulie  
All things, as ye commanded me,  
Are orderly perfytit:

Therefore of that tack ye nae care,  
And of that matter speak nae mair:  
Think on your sickness and your fair,  
As for your gear, I quite it.

Then for final conclusion,  
This poor beast on her knees fell down,  
And said, sir, for my benifoun,

Sen death thinks to betray me:  
And sen I clearly do perceive,  
That of my breath, and a' the leave  
Of the five senses that I have,

Death threatens to bewray me:  
I you beseech most earnestlie,  
Of your gentrice and courtesie,  
To gae to Bav'law soon for me,

And there with expedition,  
Shew to John Smith, my master dear,  
That I am fair sick lying here,  
At point of death, and dow not steer:

And mack him requisition,

For to come down peremptorlie,  
The morn about twa hours or three,  
To Gorgie Mill, where publickly  
I will repeat this sentence.

That I dare say in veritie,  
It were great pleasure unto me,  
That we shou'd meet before I die,  
For honest auld acquaintance.

Sir Tamas then began to clatter,  
And tald, that he wou'd nae ways flatter,  
But plainly to her shew the matter:

Sine said to her, my dearie,  
Ly still and rest you: for I think,  
That I shall neither eat nor drink,  
Nor wi' mine eyes shall sleep a wink,  
Tho' I were ne'er fae wearie.

Whilst all and hail my last direction  
Be done and ended but defection.  
Then unto Pluto his protection

He heartily bequeath'd her:  
And ran to Bav'law wi' good will,  
Brought down John Smith to Gorgie-Mill,  
Wha fae soon as he came her till,  
Into his arms he caught her.

And said, alas for evermaire!  
That I shou'd see thee lying there  
Sae comfortless, baith sick and fair,  
Sae helpless, poor, and needy ;  
Sae bruis'd and birs'd, sae black and blae,  
Sae ill demaim'd frae tap to tae:  
Alas that I shou'd leave the sae!

Fy! is there nae remeedy?  
Alas for evermair, alace!  
This is a dolorous dolefu' case  
To me, to see that well-fa'our'd face  
And countenance sae guided,  
Now where are these twa brightfu' een  
Into thy head which I have seen,  
That now sae yellow are and green?

Oh, I cannot abide it!  
Oh and alas that harmes be ay!  
Dolour and dool fell me this day!  
What shall I either do or say?

This is a dolefu' meeting!  
To whom this beast, with voice most weak,  
Said, master, my heart do not break,  
Let sorrow be ; some comfort take,  
I dow not bide your greeting.



Your sighs, your sobs, your mourning fair,  
Doth nathing but augment my care:

Therefore desist and mourn nae mair,

With greeting ye are wrakit:

And since that ye withoutten swither,

To visit me are come down hither,

Be blyth, and let us drink together,

For mourning will not mack it.

And since, sweet master, that you see,

That there is nought but death for me,

I pray you tack it patientlie,

Since there is nae redemption:

And I do mack you supplication,

To carry hame my commendation

To all and hail the congregation

Of Curry, but exemption.

As for my goods, they're else divided,

Nae part thereof is undecided,

Except my sp'rit, and that to guide it,

I leave the king of Fairie,

Perpetually for to remain

In wilderness wi' his great train,

And never to com back again,

But in his court to tarry.

The speech thus ended, she sat down,  
All comfortless and fell in swoon,  
Where she in that great passion,  
Baith heartless, faint and weary,  
Wi' a great exclamation,  
To Pluto maks invocation,  
And yields her sp'rit but molestation,  
Thus ended John Smiths meiry.  
Now ha'e ye heard the tragedy,  
The latter will and legacy  
Of this Meir, and the certainty,  
When, where, and how she end it.  
Which tho' it be baith groff and rude,  
And of all eloquence denude:  
Yet, sirs, imbrace't as it were good,  
For I took pains to mend it,

FINIS.

THE  
BANISHMENT OF POVERTY.

**P**OX fa that poultring poverty,  
 Wae worth the time that I him saw!  
 Since first he laid his fang on me,  
 My self from him I dought ne'er draw:  
 His wink to me hath been a law,  
 He haunts me like a penny-dog,  
 Of him I stand far greater awe,  
 Than pupil does of pedagogue.

The first time that he met with me  
 Was at a clachen in the west,  
 Its name, I trow Kilbarchen be,  
 Where Habbie's drones blew many a blast.

There we shook hands cald be his cast,  
 And ill deed may that custron die:  
 For there he gripped me right fast  
 When first I fell in cautionrie.

But, yet in hopes to be reliev'd  
 And free'd from that foul ledly lown,  
 Fernzier when Whigs were all mischiev'd,  
 And forc'd to fling their weapons down;  
 When we chas'd them from Glasgow town,  
 I with that swinger thought to grapple,



But when indemnity came down,  
The laydron caught me by the thrapple,

But yet in hopes of more releif  
A race I made to Arinfrew,  
Where they did bravely buff my beef,  
And made my body black and blue:

At justice court, I them pursue,  
Expecting help for their reproof;  
Indemnity thought nothing due,  
The de'il a farthing for my loof.

But wiſhing that I might ride eaſt,  
To trot on foot I ſoon would tyre,  
My page allow'd me not a beaſt,  
I wanted gilt to pay the hyre:

He and I lap o'er many a fyre,  
I heuked him at Calder-cult;  
But long ere I came to Clypes-myre,  
The ragged rogue caught me a whilt.

By Holland-buſh and brigg of Bonny  
We bicker'd down towards Bankier,  
We fear'd no reevers for our money,  
Nor whilly-whaes to grip our gear;

My tatt'red tutor took na fear,  
(Tho' we did travel in the mirk)

But thought it fit, when we drew near,  
To filsh a forrage at Falkirk.

No man wou'd open me the door,  
Because my comrade stood me by,  
They dread full ill I was right poor  
By my forsaken company.

But Cuninghame soon then me spy'd,  
By hue and hair he hail'd me in,  
And swore we shou'd not part so dry,  
Tho' I were stripped to the skin:

I baid all night, but, long ere day,  
My curst companion bad me rise;  
I start up soon and took the way,  
He needed not to bid me twice.

But what to do I did advise,  
In Lithgow I might not sit down,  
On a Scots groat we baited thrice,  
And in at night to Edinburgh town.

We held the lang-gate to Leith wyne,  
Where poorest purses use to be,  
And in the Caltown lodged syne,  
Fit quarters for such companie.

Yet I the High-Town fain wou'd see,  
But that my comrade did discharge,

He wou'd me Blackburn's ale to prie,  
And muff my beard that was right large.

The morn I ventur'd up the Wyne,  
And flung'd in at the Nether-Bow,  
Thinking that trowker for to tyne,  
Who does me damage what he dow.

His company he does bestow  
On me to my great grief and pain,  
Ere I the throng cou'd wrestle throw,  
The lown was at my heels again.

I green'd to gang on the Plain-ftanes,  
To see if comrades wou'd me ken,  
We twa gad pacing there our lains,  
The hungry hours 'twixt twelve and ane.

Then I knew no way how to fen,  
My guts rumbl'd like a Hurtle Barrow,  
I din'd with saints and noble men,  
Ev'n sweet saint Giles and earl of Murray.

Tykes test'ment takethem for their treat,  
I needed not my teeth to pike,  
Though I was in a cruel sweat,  
He set not by, say what I like.

I call'd him turk and traked tyke,  
And weary'd him with many a curse,



My banes were hard like a stane-dyke,  
No Rig-Marie was in my purse.

Kind widow Caddel sent for me  
To dine, as she did oft forsooth,  
But oh alas! that might not be:  
Her house was o'er near the Tolbooth.

Yet God reward her for her love  
And kindness, which I feelie fand,  
Most ready still for my behoof  
Ere that hell's hound took her in hand.

I slipt my page, and stour'd to Leith  
To try my credit at the wine,  
But foul a dribble fyl'd my teeth,  
He catch'd me at the Coffee Sign.

I sta' down through the Nether-wyne,  
My lady Semple's house was near,  
To enter there was my design,  
Where poverty durst ne'er appear.

I dined there but baid not lang,  
My lady fain wou'd shelter me,  
But oh alas! I needs must gang  
And leave that comely company.

Her lad convoy'd me, with her key,  
Out throw the garden to the fiels,

Ere I the Links cou'd graithly see,  
My governour was at my heels.

I dought not dance to pipe nor harp;  
I had no stock for cards nor dice;  
But I fure to Sir William Sharp,  
Who never made his counsel nice.

That little man he is right wise,  
And sharp as any brier can be,  
He bravely gave me his advice,  
How I might poison poverty.

Quo' he, there grows, hard by the dial,  
In Hatton's garden bright and sheen,  
A soveraign herb call'd Penny-Royal,  
Which all the year grows fresh and green.

Cou'd ye but gather it fair and clean,  
Your business would go the better:  
But let account of it be seen  
To the physicians of Exchequer.

Or if that ticket ye bring with you,  
Come unto me, you need not fear;  
For I some of that herb can give you,  
Which I have planted this same year.

Your page it will cause disappear  
Who waits on you against your will,  
To gather it I shall you lear

50 THE BANISHMENT OF &c.

In my own yards of Stonny-hill.

But when I dread, that wou'd not work,  
I overthought me of a wile,  
How I might at my leisure lurk,  
My graceless guardian to beguile.

It's but my galloping a mile  
Throw Canogate with little loss,  
Till I have sanctuary a while  
Within the girth of Abbay-clofs.

There I wan in, and blyth was I  
When to the Inner-Court I drew,  
My governour I did defy,  
For joy I clapt my wings and crew.

There messengers dare not pursue,  
Nor with their wands men's shou'ders steer,  
There dwells distressed lairds enow  
In peace, tho' they have little geer.

I had not tarry'd an hour or twa  
When my blest fortune was to see  
A fight, sure by the mights of Mary,  
Of that brave duke of Albany

Where one blink of his princely eye  
Put that foul foundling to the flight,  
Frae me he banish'd Poverty, 6 MA 50  
And made him take his last Good-night.

FINIS.



